

THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
JANE SHORE; K

Containing the whole

ACCOUNT

Of her Amorous Intrigues with

King *EDWARD* the IVth.

AND THE

Lord *HASTINGS*:

HER

Penitence, Punishment and Poverty.

To which are added,

Other Amours of that King and his Courtiers;
with Several Antient Love Poems, Written
by the Wits of those Times.

ALSO

An Heroical Epistle from King *Edward* IV. to *Jane*
Shore, with her Answer.

LONDON:

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TO VIZ

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THE
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EDWARD IV. King of England, was one of the most Gallant Princes in his Time; not more dreaded by his Enemies in the Field, than be- lov'd and respected by his Subjects of both Sexes. He was so well with the Fair, that 'tis report- ed when *Lewis XI.* invited him to *Paris*, or rather King *Edmund* invited himself at the Treaty of *Pec- quinie*, the *French King* put off that Visit, for fear the *French Ladies*, enamour'd of the Beauty, and Address of so Heroick a Prince, shou'd make it longer than consisted with good Po- liticks; of which, *Lewis* is known to have been as good a Master, as any King that ever Reign'd in *France*.

Comines tells us, that *Lewis* call'd to him after King *Edward* was gone, and said, By the Peace of God, the King of England is an Amorous and Fair Prince, he, as the first Beck wou'd glad- lie see *Paris*, where he might Fortune or find such Pleasant and Talkative Dames, which, with fair Words and pleasant Pastimes, might so allure him to their Fancies, that it might breed Occasion in him to come over the Sea again, which I wou'd not gladdie see, for his

Progenitors have been too long, and too often, both in Paris and Normandy. On this side the Sea, I Love neither his Sight nor his Company, but when he is at Home, I Love him as my Brother, and take him as my Friend.

King Edward was very kind to the Citizens of London, and they as affectionate to him. The good Effects of which, he found in several large Benevolences, a way of raising Money, first practis'd by himself. In the Dispute he had with Henry VI. the Londoners always joyn'd heartily with him. The Grace of his Person, and the Gallantry of his Behaviour, were Charms which the City Ladies cou'd not resist; and their Husbands cou'd not but give their Hearts to a King, who so readily gave his, both to them and their Wives.

The Year before he dy'd, he invited Sir Richard Chawry, Lord Mayor of London, several of the Aldermen and Common Council-men to take the Diversion of Hunting in Epping Forrest, where he order'd a Booth of Green Boughs to be Erected, and a Splendid Entertainment to be made for my Lord Mayor and his Brethren. The King wou'd not go to Dinner himself till he saw them serv'd, and then gave Orders to the Lord Chamberlain and other Lords of his Court to entertain them with equal Plenty and Gaiety. After Dinner they went a Hunting with King Edward, and several Deer, as well Red as Fallow, were Slain, part of which, the King gave to the Lord Mayor and his Company, and sent Two Staggs and Six Bucks to the Lady Mayore's, and the Aldermen's Ladies, together with a Tun of Wine, which they made themselves merry with in Draper's-Hall. It was a very common thing for him to make Presents of Venison to the Citizens, and when he was Abroad in Foreign Parts, or upon a Journey, to write them Familiar Letters. A King of this Constitution cou'd not but be very dear to them, and no Wonder, that the Impressions he made on the softer Sex, were deeper than on the other. He is said to have been very Gracious with several London Ladies, but none of his Intrigues of this kind made so much Noise as that with Mrs. Shore, whose Story we are telling to explain that which has been brought on the Stage by Mr. Row.

Mrs. Jane Shore, was Born in the City of London, her Parents and Relations were of the best Fashion in the City, and her Husband, Mr. Shore, a Wealthy Goldsmith in Lombard-

stre t ;

free. Her Parents marry'd her too Young, and, as 'tis now adays too Customary, did not so much consult her Inclination as her Interest. Mr. Shore was however Young and Virtuous, as well as Rich, but his Wife looking upon him as a forc'd Bargain, wherein she had not the Liberty of her Election, never Lov'd him. Her Wit made her as Famous as her Beauty, and King Edward cou'd not belong, without coming to the Knowledge of a Lady, who had all the Accomplishments necessary to make an Amorous Prince Happy.

She was living in Sir Thomas Mores Time, whose Description of her Person, I shall therefore give the Reader.

As to Stature, she was of a midling Size, her Hair of dark yellow, her Face round and full, her Eyes grey, her Features having all the Harmony of an exact Proportion, her Complexion was Fair, her Skin white and smooth, her Countenance Cheerful. She inclin'd a little to Fat: There was a Picture of her some Years ago extant, drawn after the Life in her Morning Dishabille, or rather a loose Attire, to create wanton Wishes in the Minds of the Spectator; she was painted such as she rose out of her Bed, having nothing on but a rich Mantle cast under her Arm, over her Shoulder, and sitting in a Chair, on which she laid her Naked Arm. I have my self seen a Picture of her, which, if not an Original, was a very Ancient Copy of one, and answers exactly to the before-mention'd Description.

Sir Thomas More, has also describ'd to us her Lover Edward IV. He was, says the Knight in his Old Phrase, *A goodlie Personage, and Princely to behold; of Heart Couragious, Politick in Council, in Adversity nothing abashed, in Prosperity rather Joyful than Proud, in Peace Just and Merciful, in War Sharp and Fierce, in the Field Bold and Hardy, and nevertheless, no further than Wisdom wou'd adventure.* He was of Visage lovely, of Body mighty strong and clean made; howbeit, in his latter Days, with over liberal Diet, somewhat Corpulent and Boorelie, and nevertheless not uncomlie. He was in his Youth, greatlie given to fleshy Wantonness; this Fault not greatlie greev'd the People, for neither could any Man's Pleasure stretch and extend to the Displeasure of very manie, and it was without Violence, and even that in his latter Days lessed and well left. We read of him, that when he rais'd his first Benevolence, he, among others, sent for a Rich Widow, of whom he merrily demanded, *What she*

would give him towards his great Charges for a War with France. The Widow very smirkingly reply'd, By my Troth, for thy lovelie Countenance, thou shalt have even Twenty Pounds. The King, who did not expect half of that Sum, thank'd and kiss'd her, upon which the Widow Swore, He shou'd have Twenty Pound more.

King Edward had a Favourite, William Lord Hastings, his Chamberlain, who, it is said, was the Confident and Companion of his Amours. 'Tis certain, that Lord, as great a Minister as he was, led a very Dissolute Life, and had more of the Rake than the Politician in him. He was a main Instrument in concluding that Scandalous Peace, which the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, refus'd to have a Hand in; as did many other English Lords, who would neither be at the Treaty nor Interview. The Truth is, this hopeful Minister, sold a Peace to the French, by the Assistance of other such Ministers as himself. The Lord Howard had 20000 Crowns of the French King, Sir John Cheinie, Master of the Horse, Sir Thomas Montgomery, Sir Thomas St. Leger, and the Queen's Son, the Marquis Dorset, had all Money given them then, and Pensions assign'd them for the future. The Lord Chamberlain's Pension, he being in greatest Favour, was 2000 Crowns a Year; and the French Pensioners were, at that time, so Impudent, as to give Receipts for their Money. The Chancellor and the Admiral were of the Number, and when the French King's Agent paid the Lord Hastings his Pension, he demanded a Receipt of him, as he had done of the rest, but Hastings, fearing there would be a Day of reckoning for this ill got Money, would give nothing under his Hand to be a Proof against him. Sir, says he, This comes only of the Liberal Pleasure of the King your Master, and not of my Request, if it be his determin'd Will that I shall have it, put the Money into my Sleeve; if not, give it him again, for neither he nor you shall have a Receipt or Acquittance of me, to make your Brags that the King of England's Chamberlain has been Pensioner to the French King. However he took the Money, and more such Perquisites of his Favour, which he lavish'd away on his Vices and Pleasures. I mention this Lord Hastings because he was also one of Mrs. Shore's Lovers; he had a Passion for her in the King's Life Time, after his Death he took her to himself. King Edward's Queen and her Relations hated this Lord,

Lord, not only for engrossing so many Places and getting so much, but for corrupting the King's Morals, by tempting him to Lewdness, and assisting him in it. 'Tis said the Chamberlain accompany'd his Master in his City Frolicks, and probably was his Companion when *Edward* went in Disguise to *Shore's* House in *Lombard-street*, to have a View of his Wife. Going by the Shop and ogling the Mistress of it, with more than Ordinary Curiosity, *Shore* ask'd him *What he wanted?* Under Pretence of looking upon some Jewells, the King found an Opportunity to let Mrs. *Shore* know his Business was with her, and not with her Husband. He afterwards, found means to inform her of the Quality and Passion of her New Lover, with which the Fair Citizen was soon inflam'd, and making her Escape from her Husband, threw herself into the Arms of the Amorous Monarch. Her Husband *Shore* turn'd her off immediately, and wou'd no more receive her as his Wife. Then the King allow'd her a Pension, not a very Liberal one, considering the Bounty of his Nature; she being not one of those greedy Dames that have no Regard to any thing but their Profit in their Amours with Princes. She was of a most easy Temper, and Facetious Wit; she Read and Wrote well, was always ready at Repartee, not full of Talk, but whatever she said was Gay and Witty; her Beauty, tho' of it self very Amiable, being not the most prevailing Charm in the Conquests she made on the Hearts of Men.

King *Edward*, besides his Occasional Amours, had Three Mistresses, one of whom he said was the Merriest, another the Cunningest, and the third the Holiest Harlot in the Kingdom. The first was Mrs. *Shore*, whose Humour was always Sprightly; the other two Ladies were of Quality, and it was not then, it seems, as it has since been reckon'd, such an Honour to be Mistress to a King, that they were Ambitious to have their Names transmitted to Posterity. 'Tis probable, one of them was Mother to *Arthur Plantagenet*, Viscount *Lisle*, a natural Son of King *Edward's*, who liv'd Fifty Years after his Father's Death, having marry'd the Daughter of the famous *Dudley*, who was one of the Instruments of *Henry* the VIIth's Rapine.

The Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, was got with Child by this King on Promise of Marriage. Whether *Arthur* was her Son,
or

or whose Son else, is not mention'd in History, but all Historians Charge Edward the IVth with Breach of Promise in this Particular. His Mother did the same when she endeavour'd to dissuade him from marrying the Lady Elizabeth Grey, urging his Contract with the Lady Lucy as a Bar to it. But Edward did not mind her Expostulations, and when she reflected on the Lady Grey as being a Widow, he very frankly told her, *If she is a Widow and has already Children, by God's blessed Ladie, I am a Bachelor and have some too, and so each of us hath a Proove, that neither of us is like to be Barren. As for the Bigamy, let the Bishops hardlie laie it in my way when I come to take Orders, for I understand it is forbidden a Priest, but I never wist it yet that it was forbidden a Prince.*

King Edward wou'd not dissemble to the good old Lady, the Dutcheß of York his Mother. However, sometime after, to satisfy her, and that there might be no Objection to his Marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Grey, he sent for the Lady Elizabeth Lucy, who behav'd herself with great simplicity and honesty in the Matter, as appears by the old Chronicle. "Albeit, that she was by the King's Mother and many others, put in good Comfort to affirm that she was enfur'd unto the King; yet when she was solemnlie Sworn to say the Truth, she confess'd that they were never enfur'd. Howbeit, she said his Grace spoke so lovinge Words to her, that she verilie hoped he would have married her; and if it had not been for such kind Words, she wou'd never have had such kindness unto him, to let him so kindly get her with a Child." The King wou'd have done the Lady Grey, whom he made his Queen, the same kind Office, if she had not seen he was so charm'd with her, that she might do what she pleas'd with him, and therefore stood upon Honorable Terms, without which she wou'd not Surrender. The Lady came to beg an Estate of him, which her first Husband, Sir John Grey, had forfeited by siding with the House of Lancaster, in whose Quarrel he was kill'd. King Edward presently cast his Eyes upon her, his Heart kindled immediately, and he resolv'd to add her to the rest of his Conquests. He took her aside, and tempted her as he had done many others of her Sex; but she wou'd not hearken to him. He continu'd to Court her, and she to deny him. Her
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Resistance enflam'd his Desire, and the King pursuing her very earnestly one Day, she told him plainly. *If she was too mean to be his Wife, she was too good to be his Whore.* Edward admiring her Virtue, as he doated on her Beauty, promis'd to marry her, and perform'd it before she wou'd suffer him to take that earnest of her Passion, which the Lady *Lucy* had given him. Such was the Complexion of this King, of whom one may almost say the same as was said of his Grandson *Henry* the VIIIth, that he spar'd no Woman in his Lust, nor no Man in his Wrath; for that there was a Mixture of Cruelty in his Temper, the History of his Reign proves by more than one Instance. His Cruelty was a sort of Party Tyranny: To his Friends he was the most Humane Prince of his Time, and had an engaging way with him, which few cou'd resist, either Men or Women. If so great a Lady as the Lady *Lucy* was won by him, and so great a Lady as his Queen tempted to it, it is not strange that a Goldsmith's Wife shou'd no better defend herself against the Allurements of Royalty and Love.

We do not find mention of any Children that *Edward* the IVth had by Mrs. *Shore*, nor of any she had by any other Lover, or that indeed during the King's Life, she had had any Amorous Commerce with any other Gallant. The Lord *Hastings* lov'd her, but he prefer'd the Favour of his Master to the Favours of his Mistress, and as long as the King liv'd, made no other use of her Friendship, than to support his Credit with the King. She, who was always ready to oblige all that apply'd to her for her Interest, when they solicited Affairs at Court, cou'd not but take hold of all Opportunities to serve a Lord whose Person was not indifferent to her, and whose Manners so nearly resembled her own; for the Chamberlain was one of the most Polite and most Gallant Courtiers of this Reign, in which the King's Example brought Gallantry and Politeness so much into Fashion, that the *English* began to talk and write of Love as finely and as tenderly as their Neighbours. For 'twas not many Years after that the Earl of *Surrey* flourish'd, who, being in Love with a Lady of Queen *Katherine's* Court, writes thus of her, with equal Elegance and Passion:

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor, alas! Does chase her from my sight.

Agai

Again,

When *Windsor* Walls sustain'd my weary'd Arm,
My Hand, my Chin, to ease my restless Head.

In another Elegy.

With a King's Son my Childish Years I pass
In greater Feasts than *Priam's* Son of *Troy*.

Again,

Those large green Courts where we were wont to rove,
With Eyes cast up unto the Maiden's Tower,
With easy Sighs such as Men draw in Love.
The stately Seats the Ladies bright of Hue.
The Dances short, long Tales of sweet Delight,
The Secret Groves which we have made resound.
With Silver Drops the Meads, yet spread for rure
As goodly Flowers on *Thamesis* do grow.

Jane Shore was Contemporary with this Lord, and had herself been Sung by the most noted Wits of her time. The famous *Scoggin* liv'd in this Reign, and in King *Edward's* Court; whose Jest the rude Vulgar have turn'd into Ribaldry, whereas he was a Man of Learning and Pleasantry, had had a Liberal Education at *Oxford*, and was often the Pleasant Companion of this Pleasant Lady.

I flatter my self that Things so Curious as these are, and which serve to set the Times I treat of in a light, which Historians are too grave to meddle with, will not be thought a Digression from this Story, otherwise too thin of Facts to answer the Expectation of an Impatient Curiosity. That those who pretend as an excuse for some famous Poets fond of Antique Phrases, that our Language was unpolish'd that they wrote, may see their Error, and know 'twas an unpardonable Affectation in them, I shall give one Instance more of the Politeness of the Age we are speaking of, in some Verses written by Sir. *Francis Bryan*, who was also

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Contemporary with Mrs. Shore. It was written in Spain upon his leaving that Place.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy Streams
Turn'ft up the Grains of Gold already try'd,
For I with Spur and Sail go seek the *Thames*
Against the Sun that shows his wealthy Pride,
And to the Town that *Brutus* fought by Dreams,
Like bended Moon, that leans her Lusty side
To seek my Country now for whom I live.
Oh Mighty *Jove*, for this the Winds me give.

I will beg the Patience of the Reader, to observe that there are few of our Modern Poets, who can produce in Eight Lines so many Excellent Verses; I do not mean of the late *Soft Writers*, who seem to be in a Conspiracy against the *English* Poetry, to reduce it to the level of their humble Genius's, by making it consist entirely of *Syllables* and *Cadence*, and whom I shall take another Opportunity to talk with, but of the Poets who deal in *Epicks* and sit in the *Buskin*, let 'em match me these Two Lines.

Tagus farewell which Westward with thy Streams,
Turn'ft up the Graines of Gold already try'd.

Again Speaking of the *Thames*.

That shews against the Sun his wealthy Pride.

And of London on the Banks of it.

That leans, like bended Moon, her Lusty side.

These Verses were written Two hundred Years ago when *Jane Shore* was living, as may appear by Sir *Thomas More's* History of *Edward* the Vth, which he wrote in 1513 or 1514, and writes of her as a Person then alive in the Reign of *Henry* the VIIIth. I am satisfy'd this Digression will be excus'd, and others of the same Nature, if I had the same Matter to warrant them.

I do not find that the People exclaim'd against King Edward's taking this Woman to be his Mistress, notwithstanding her Husband liv'd all the while in good Repute in the City, which one may suppose to arise from the goodness of her Temper so ready on all Occasions to serve every one as far as it lay in her Power, as we may see by Sir Thomas More's own Character of her.

" The King had many Concubines, but her he lov'd ;
 " whose Favour to say the Truth, for Sin it were to be-
 " lie the Devil, she never abused in any Man's hurt, but
 " to manie a Man's Comfort and Releef, where the King
 " took Displeasure, she wou'd mitigate and appease his mind,
 " where Men were out of Favour she wou'd bring them
 " in his Grace. For manie that had highly offended, she
 " obtained Pardon ; of great Forfeitures she got Men Re-
 " mission.

When I read this Account of her, I thought it bore some Resemblance to that we have receiv'd by Tradition of *Nell Gwin*, who was the merriest and best natur'd Mistress, of a very merry and good natur'd King, the Memory of whose Amours is not yet forgotten. The difference in their Characters seems only to arise from the difference of the Times, and which is a little hard, the difference of their Religion ; for if King *James* told us true, his Brother King *Charles* was a Papist, and 'tis very well known *Nell Gwin* was in the Protestant Interest ; and whether, tho' she had as good a Disposition to do all friendly Offices as *Jane Shore*, she was as successful is much to be doubted. The Scandalous Chronicle Questions too, whether she was as faithful to her Royal Gallant, but we know so little of the Scandalous Chronicle of the old Times of King *Edward*, that we shall not pretend to adjust that Matter. The Chancellor *More*, continues his Character of our Penitent thus :

" Finallie, in manie weightie Sutes she stood manie a
 " Man in graat stead, either for none or verie small Re-
 " wards, and that rather Gaie than Rich, either that she was
 " content with the Deed it self done, or for that she de-
 " lighted to be sued unro, and to shew what she was able
 " to do with the King, or for that wanton Women and
 " wealthie be not alwaies Covetous.

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'Tis no wonder that a She Favourite who had these Qualities shou'd be in the People's good Graces as well as the King's, in which she continu'd to his Death. The Lord *Hastings*, as far as it was in his Power, serving her to support her Credit, as well as she did him service in the support of his. But 'tis generally affirm'd, that they were not suspected to have been unfaithful to him in the Affair of Love, tho' they had a Passion for each other during his Life time, as has been hinted already. King *Edward* in the latter part of his Reign grew less Amorous, yet he did not part with this his merry Mistress. It is suppos'd that she had Lands in the Neighbourhood of this City in the Parish of *Hackney*, where 'tis certain she had a Seat, and us'd to retire to it, especially after King *Edward's* Death; the House where she liv'd being to this Day call'd *Shore House*. The Lord *Hastings* no longer conceal'd his Passion for Mrs. *Shore* than the King liv'd, as soon as he was dead he demanded the Reward of his long Patience, and obtain'd it.

The Lord *Hastings* fell in with those that were for *Richard* Duke of *Gloucester's* Regency, in Opposition to the Queen Dowager and her Kindred. Mrs. *Shore* was consequently of the same Party, but when they found that the Duke of *Gloucester* aspir'd rather at the Kingdom than the Regency, both *Hastings* and his Mistress held Intelligence with the Queen, or were accus'd of it by *Richard*, who had put his Creature *Catesby* upon the Chamberlain, to perswade him to joyn heartily with him. But *Hastings* advis'd *Catesby* rather to hide their Designs more, than to be so open in them, for that the People began to perceive their Tendency and to dislike them. *Catesby* in hopes of succeeding the Chamberlain in his Office and Authority, represented *Hastings's* Answer as quite Opposite to *Richard's* intended Usurpation, and the Duke of *Gloucester* resolv'd to get rid of him as fast as he cou'd, knowing he had a great Party to side with him, as he had been King *Edward's* faithful Servant and continu'd so to his Children. The Queen Dowager who during her Husband's Life time, was an Enemy to *Hastings* as has been already observ'd, courted his Friendship after his Death, tho' Mrs. *Shore* was his Mistress whom she hated as one who more than any other of King *Edward's* Mistresses, alienated his Affections from her. The Queen's Design was

to engage the Lord *Hastings* to stand by her Sons, whose Succession to the Crown she was afraid wou'd miscarry by the Ambitious Projects of the Duke of *Gloucester* their Uncle. The Lord *Hastings* was hearty in the Interests of the Young Princes, and Mrs. *Shore* on this occasion made use of her persuasions to confirm him in that good Disposition. But *Hastings* all along believ'd the Duke of *Gloucester* wou'd content himself with being the Young King *Edward* the Vth's Protector. And tho' the Lord *Stanley*, afterwards Earl of *Darby*, had given him warning of *Gloucester's* intended Treason, yet he wou'd not give Credit to it, nor alter his Measures.

'Twas not above Three Months after *Edward* the IVth's Death that *Jane Shore's* Misfortunes came upon her, her Ruin being involv'd in the Lord *Hastings* her Lovers. *Catesby* a Creature of *Gloucester's* was intimate with the Chamberlain, and had been employ'd by the Duke to Sift him, whether he cou'd be prevail'd upon to join with Duke *Richard* against his Nephew. *Hastings* abhorr'd the Motion, and *Catesby* did not fail to represent it to the Protector, that he cou'd never accomplish his Treacherous Design, unless the Lord Chamberlain was taken off. Accordingly the Dukes of *Gloucester* and *Buckingham*, with their Friends and Abettors, conspir'd to rid themselves of *Hastings* and all that oppos'd them. There were two extraordinary Councils held about the Coronation of the Young King, which was only an Amusement to blind the People; for *Richard* never intended he should be Crown'd. And at the last of those Councils entring with an enrag'd look, he took his Place Frowning, and biting his Lips; the Lords present were frighted at his Fury, and could not imagine the occasion of it. After he had kept silence a while, he spoke as follows: *What are they worthy of that have compass'd and imagin'd my Destruction, who am so near in Blood to the King, and Protector of his Royal Person and his Realm.* At this the Lords were in a terrible Surprise, knowing the Wickedness and Cruelty of his Nature, and that Innocence was not a Guard against them. The Lord *Hastings* trusting to his own, answer'd, *Whoever they were they deserved to be punished as Traytors*, the other Lords said the same, *That*, says he, *that Sorcerers yonder my Brother's Wife and her Accomplices shou'd be*
so

so punish'd. At these Words many of the Lords, the Queens Friends, were struck with Mortal Apprehensions of the Consequence of this Rage and foul Charge against the Kings Mother. The Lord *Hastings* not thinking his Mistress *Jane Shore* was one of those pretended Accomplices, and not loving the Queen very well, was not in such Concern, only mortify'd that this matter had not been communicated to him. The Protector continuing still in a Fury, cry'd, *You shall all see how that Sorceress and that other Witch of her Counsel, Shore's Wife, with their Creatures have by their Witchcraft and Sorcery wasted my Body.* He then pull'd the Sleeve of his Waistcoat above his Elbow, and shew'd his small wither'd Arm, which had been so from his Cradle. The Lords saw plainly this was all a Trick to create a Quarrel; 'Twas not likely, had the Queen been so wicked as *Gloucester* represented her, she wou'd above all Persons have made choice of *Shore's Wife*, as her Confident in such an Intrigue. The Lord *Hastings* was touch'd to the quick at so heavy a Charge, against a Woman in whose Arms he lay every Night; However, he answer'd, *If they are guilty of so heinous a Crime, they deserve Exemplary Punishment: Do not serve me with your Ifs and Ands, says the Protector, I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy Bodie, Traytor.* At this he struck his Hand as hard as he cou'd upon the Table, and one of his Servants without cry'd out *Treason*, as had been concerted before; Upon which the Council Chamber was immediately fill'd with Men in Arms. The Protector seiz'd the Lord *Hastings*, saying, *I arrest thee, Thou Traytor, What Me, my Lord, reply'd Hastings? Yes, Thee Traytor, says Gloucester, and bad him make haste and Confess himself; For by St. Paul, added he, I will not to Dinner till I see thy Head off.* 'Twas to no purpose to plead before such a Judge. The Lord *Hastings* took the first Priest he cou'd come at, Confess'd himself as fast as he cou'd, and was hurry'd away to the Parade in the Tower, where his Head was cut off, lying on a Log of Timber, the 13th of June 1483. The Lord *Stanley* had given him Notice of the Danger he was in the Day before, but he did not mind it; and was observ'd to be more merry than ordinarily, not only the Day before he was beheaded, but that very Morning, having spent the Night with Mrs. *Shore*, from whose Embraces he

he had not been long free, before a Gentleman came to him, as out of a Compliment, to attend him to the Tower, where the Council was to be held; but in reality to watch him, by Order of *Richard*, that he might not make his escape. A Plot was immediately buzz'd about to colour the Murder of this Lord. The Dukes of *Gloucester* and *Buckingham* sent for the Principal Citizens, and told them what Peril he had been in, Proclamation of it was affo made thro' all Parts of the City, and the Lord *Hastings* accus'd as the chief Conspirator against the Protector's Life. In this Proclamation *Hastings* was charg'd with many past Crimes; as being the Minister of the late King's Lust, his own Lewd Life was incerted and his particular Incontinence with *Shore's* Wife, who as the Proclamation told the People, was in the Conspiracy; nay it was not forgotten to let them know that he had lain with her the very Night before his Death, which was urg'd to be a Judgement on him for his Lewdness.

The same Day was *Jane Shore* her self apprehended, her House was Plunder'd, and an Accusation of Treason brought against her, for being concern'd in *Hastings's* pretended Plot; but there was no Evidence that cou'd touch her Life, and indeed 'twas hard for them to prove her Guilty of being concern'd in a Conspiracy which never was thought of. When the Duke of *Gloucester* found that he could not get his Ends of her that way, he play'd at a smaller Game, and order'd her to be Prosecuted in the Spiritual Court for Adultery. The Bishop of *London*, pursuant to the Directions he had receiv'd, commenc'd a Process against her. Every Body laugh'd at *Richard's* Impotent Malice, that since he cou'd not prove her a Witch, was satisfy'd with proving her a Whore, a thing as well known as what Sex she was of. The Crime being thus easily prov'd upon her, she was Sentenc'd to do Penance upon a *Sunday*, at *Paul's Cross*; accordingly she walk'd round it in Procession, with a Modest Look and Sober Pace, holding a Torch in her Hand; her Dress was what became a Penitent, very plain and White; The Emblem of her Contrition, which however was more in Shew than Reality. She had nothing of her usual Attire on, but her Kirtle, yet her natural Beauty made her look lovely in the Eyes of the Spectators, whose pity for her

Mis-

Misfortunes, prepar'd them to receive the stronger Impression of her Charms. The gazing of the Multitude gave a Blush to her Cheeks, which she wanted before, her Complexion being of the Paleſt, and her decent Behaviour render'd her ſo amiable that People did not think ſo much of her Penitence as of her Perſon. Some that hated her way of Life, yet knowing that the Protector did this out of Spite, and that he wou'd have Hang'd her if he cou'd, had Compaſſion upon her, ſeeing her in this Sorrowful Condition, diſpoyl'd of all her former Splendor and Gayety. And ſo far was ſhe diſpoyl'd, that ſhe had not wherewith to keep her from Beggary, to which miſerable State ſhe was reduc'd before ſhe dy'd.

I ſhall not enter into the detail of *Richard's* Treason and Uſurpation, 'tis ſufficient to ſay that the Duke of *Buckingham* was his main Conſidant and Aſſiſtant; and in his Speech to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, in favour of *Richard*, in which he Vilainouſly reflected on the Memory of King *Edward*, to ſet off the Character of his Brother *Richard*, he has alſo theſe Reflections on *Jane Shore*, wherein will be ſeen what Influence ſhe had on the Mind of that Prince; I ſhall make uſe of his own Antique Phraſe.

What manner of Folke he moſt favoured, we ſhall for his Honour ſpare to ſpeak of. Howbeit this woe you well all that whoſe was beſt, bare alwaie leaſt Rule; and more Sure was in his Daies to Shores Wiſe, a Vile and abominable Strumpet, than to all the Lords in England, except unto thoſe that made hir their Preſtor. Which ſimple Women was well named and honeſt, till the King for his wonted Luſt and Sinful Affection bereft hir from her Husband, a Right Honoſt Subſtantial Young Man among you. And in that Point which in good faith I am ſorie to ſpeake of, ſaveing that it is in vain to keep in Counſell that thing that all Men know, the Kings greedie Appetite was Inſatiable, and everie where over all the Realme intollerable.

Jane Shore liv'd to ſee ſeveral Changes in the State, but none in her own Fortune, unleſs from bad to worſe. The Court ſhe had been a Favourite in were Enemies to that Houſe, which in the Perſons of *Henry the VII.* and *Henry VIII.* ſucceeded in the Throne. The remaining part of her Life, if not ſpent in Penitence, was at leaſt not ſtain'd like the former, and her Amours are no more talk'd of. After

Hastings's

Hastings's Death her Misery is mention'd by all the Historians, and enlarg'd upon by Sir *Thomas More*, who wrote about 30 Years after her Fall, at which time she was still living in the Reign of *Henry the VIII*; but so alter'd, that People cou'd hardly believe she had ever been so handsome as 'twas said she had been. Upon which Sir *Thomas* says, They might as well guess the Beauty of one long before Dead, by her Skull taken out of a Charnel House. For now, continues he, she is Old, Lean, Withered and dried up, nothing left but rivell'd Skin and hard Bone. And yet being even such, who so well advise her Visage might guess and devise which part how fill'd would make it a fair Face. She out liv'd all her Friends, and almost all her Acquaintance. She begg'd Bread of many, who but for her had been Beggars themselves. As to her Death it was so miserable, that Tradition tells us she was found Dead in a Ditch in the Fields near *Hackney*; where she had formerly liv'd, and that *St. Leonard, Shoreditch* without *Bishopsgate*, takes its Name from her and her sad End, being thence call'd *St. Leonard's Shoreditch*, which is not unlikely considering that she once dwelt in that Neighbourhood. We have it from the same Tradition, that the Goldsmith her Husband taking it to Heart that his Wife shou'd leave him, neglected his Business, broke, and went beyond Sea, but this being all Oral, has no better Authority than the Popish Legends built on the like Foundation. It appears by the Duke of *Buckingham's* Speech beforemention'd, that Mr. *Shore* was living, and thriving in the City, not only after the King had had her, but after she had given her self to the Lord *Hastings*. And 'tis not probable that such a confirm'd Cuckold should afterwards be so griev'd at his Misfortune as to run away from his Shop and the Kingdom, no doubt he stood it at last, as he had done at first. And as a great many other good Citizens, and others have done, who have not all had the Honour to be Cuckolded by Kings and Lord Chamberlains. I shall conclude her Story with the Words of the Chancellor *More*.

I doubt not some shall think this Woman too slight a thing to be written of, and set among the Remembrances of greater Matters; but since so great a Statesman thought fit to write a History of her, and so great a Poet to make a Play, I shall leave them to answer for it, if there are any of the same Opinion.

An

*An Heroical Epistle from King Edward IV. to JANE
SHORE, alter'd from Drayton.*

*E*Dward to Thee, the fairest of thy Kind,
This Letter sends the Image of his Mind;
Oh! that to ease me of the Pain I feel,
I ne'er had seen thee, or could see thee still.
So much my Eyes to gaze on thine delight,
'Tis Death to be a Minute from thy sight;
Must vile Mechanicks have so rich a Prize,
And Sots possess these Treasures of thy Eyes.
My Love to live among the Base shou'd scorn,
Whose Beauties wou'd the gayest Court adorn. 10.
When with thy Story I was first surpriz'd,
I thought it Fable and the Tale despis'd:
But when the bright Original I saw,
I found no Fancy cou'd thy Picture draw;
No Colours paint a Beauty so Divine,
Nor Words express such Excellence as thine:
Struck with the full Perfection of thy Charms,
I rav'd to think thee in another's Arms.
Careless of Joy, he takes Thee to his Breast,
By him but half belov'd and half care's'd. 20.
Who more than stupid Fools does Fortune bless;
For while the Miser sleeps his Stores increase.
If in a common Dress Thou look'st so fair,
How glorious wou'd'st Thou in a Queen's appear?
Till cut and set in Gold the Diamond seems
Like Pebbles rowling in the Crystal Streams.
But polisht like Cœlestial Orbs they shine,
Whose Lustre only is excell'd by Thine.
Thou sleep'st but coarsely on a vulgar Bed,
I Tyrian Carpets o'er thy Limbs will spread. 30.
In Purple, wrought with Orient Pearl and Gold,
The wondring Crowd my Mistress shall behold.
When in Disguise to see Thee first I came,
My Crown abandon'd, and my Kingly Name;
I saw thy Husband, he the Monarch view'd,
Ask'd me to buy, and said his Wares were good.
A Casket of his Jewells he produc'd,
I lik'd them all, yet all by turns refus'd;
Another Casket then he made me see,
Yet hid his richest in reserving thee. 40.

I wanted not his Jewels nor his Gold,
 Nor came to purchase what a Banker sold:
 Could he a Sapphire to thy Veins compare,
 Or had an Agat like thy Blushes fair;
 Had he a Diamond which like thee did shine,
 Whate'er it cost, the Treasure shou'd be mine:
 If not my Purse, my Crown shou'd be the price,
 For Crowns are worthless in a Lover's Eyes.
 How fond of foreign Trifles are we grown,
 We praise their Wonders and neglect our own; 50
 The *Tuscan* Villas, and the *Lombard* Fields,
 While bounteous *England* better Prospects yields.
 In vain their Poets of their Seasons sing,
 In thee alone we find perpetual Spring;
 In vain the Merchant brings us *Syrian* Gums,
 Thy Breath is sweeter than his best Perfumes.
 Hence let the Mariner his Toil give o'er,
 Nor sweep the Amber Seas, nor search the Shoar;
 Thy Lips more sweets than *Indian* Groves dispense,
 Thou Charmer of the Soul and Joy of Sense. 60
 The Crytal brought us from the Northern Sea,
 Is less transparent, and looks dull to Thee:
France gives us Fashions, and imports her Toys,
 To flatter Women, and divert our Boys.
 The Mode is best directed by thy Dress,
 For none, unless they copy thee, can please;
 On Thee the meanest things appear with Grace,
 So much thy Garments borrow from thy Face. 70
 A Fool, thy Husband, to expose his Ware,
 When thou outshining all his Gold art there;
 Thy Charms our Wishes, and our Looks engross,
 And in thy Presence, we despise his dross.
 The Golden Tresses which adorn thy Head,
 In worth, the value of a Mint exceed;
 Well may my Love condemn the studious Fools,
 Who seek the great Elixir in their Schools.
 The Artift in his Search, in vain grows poor,
 In vain the Chymist melts the precious Ore;
 Their Studies, and their Wealth in Smoke ascend,
 In Folly they begin, in Ruin end. 80
 The powerful Change is by the Touches made
 And Gold converted from impurest Lead;
 Free from allay, it wants no Chymick Fires,
 And more Correction, than the Flame requires.
 Let artful Odours be by others us'd,
 All Sweetness is, where'er thou breath'st, diffus'd;
 All Senses find in Thee enough to feast,
 And scarce we can distinguish what is best.

Per-

Perfection is in all, to Smell, to See;
 To hear with Rapture, we must live with Thee; 90.
 Softer thy Voice, than when the Warblers sing
 On blooming Trees, to welcome in the Spring.
 Whiter than Milk, thy Skin, or *Apine* Snow,
 Or Lilies which in Eastern Vallies grow;
 We only thee can to thy self compare,
 For nothing else in Nature is so fair.
 A Thousand Eyes at envious Night repine,
 And wish for Day, that they may gaze on thine;
 All other Objects they with Pride disdain,
 And Light without thee, is to them a Pain. 100.
 No Heart so strong, as can thy Charms withstand,
 The Fair, who rule our Eyes, our Souls command;
 The Preachers in the Pulpit censure Love,
 But what their Doctrine damns, their Lives approve.
 For Wealth the Merchants plow the watry Main,
 On wanton Wives to lavish what they gain.
 The Sages oft the search of Wisdom leave,
 And sweeter Comforts from thy Sex receive. 110.
 The Hero arms, and rushes to the War,
 That courting Glory he may win the fair.
 What tho' the Pleader for his Client fails,
 The Fees he gave him with the Nymph prevails;
 No Peasant, no Plebeian Wretch so mean,
 But hugs his Lads, and thinks his Wench the Queen:
 Both Prince and People still agree in this,
 Their Wishes are the same, the same their Bliss;
 Thee for their Theme *Apollo's* Sons shall choose,
 Thy self a Goddess to inspire the Mute. 120.
 Soft be their Numbers, and their Sense be Strong,
 And equal to my Passion be their Song.
 Let 'em on thee their Eloquence employ,
 Lead thee to Pity first, and then to Joy;
 No more let Artists Observations raise
 From Stars, of windy Nights and stormy Days;
 No more presage the Promise of the Year,
 From Heavens kind Aspect to an angry Star;
 Vain Studies these, and their Predictions lies
 To cheat the foolish, and amuse the wise,
 But Fate's Decrees are certain in thy Eyes. 130.
 No more of Rules and Circles let 'em speak,
 Their Proofs are false, and demonstrations weak;
 In Thee alone we just Proportion find,
 A Symmetry of Body and of Mind:
 Our Wits on Thee may shew their utmost skill
 In Praise and Picture yet be wanting still.

With

With Envy from the East the Sun surveys
 A Mortal shining with Superior Rays,
 He blushes at his weakness, and would fain
 Restore the Night, and sink in Shades again. 140.
 His Golden Carpet he unwilling spreads,
 And Jealous Glory on his Rival sheds.
 We seldom see those Objects with delight,
 By Custom made familiar to the sight.
 The *Persian* Monarch when he rides Abroad
 But rarely seen, is worshipt like a God,
 While those who common to their Slaves are made,
 So little are ador'd, the're scarce obey'd.
 Thou shou'dst not be expos'd to publick view,
 So much respect to *Edward's* Love is due. 150.
 At Court, the Mistress of the King shou'd shine,
 In brightness that may more resemble thine,
 Where to divert thee, *England's* Youth shall meet,
 Dispute the Prize, and lay it at thy Feet.
 The vile Embraces of a Subject scorn,
 To noble Joys, and royal Honours born,
 Which State becomes Thee best, thou soon wilt prove,
 And soon distinguish who deserv'd thy Love.
 Away with Fears, which may my Hopes destroy:
 What we both wish for, let us both enjoy. 160.
 In Love, 'tis fatal to dispute the Field,
 The wisest there, are such as soonest yield.
 My Crown, my Heart, my Freedom I resign,
 All that I have, or that I can, is thine;
 This on a King's Imperial Word receive,
 And what I give with Joy, with Joy receive.

Mrs. Jane Shore to King Edward IV.

W Hen Boys accusom'd to the Mothers Wing,
 Practise the Lute, and first attempt to sing,
 Their Fingers tremble, and imperfect Notes,
 Through doubt of pleasing, strain their Infant Throats;
 They dread the Musick of their Master's Ear, 5.
 And tune their Voices and their Strings with fear.
 My Hand thus conscious of my Weakness shakes,
 And Blots, where I intended Letters, makes;
 Oh ! had I ne'er this tempting City known,
 Nor the gay Pleasures of a wealthy Town.
 Had I with Shepherds in the Woods been bred,
 To watch the Flocks that on the Mountains fed;
 I, unobserv'd, and Innocent, and Poor,
 Had kept my Vertue and my Peace secure,

Who

Who now expos'd to every Tongue and Eye,
 Shine like a Meteor in an angry Sky.
 Oft I have heard my Beauty prais'd before,
 Content to gaze, they never wisht for more.
 A Prince more curious each Perfection sees,
 Those Charms transport him which can others please : 20
 The Conquest glorious, but 'tis won with Cost,
 For what is got by Chance is soonest lost.
 How am I grown so much my Sovereign's Care ?
 Or you must be deceiv'd, or I am fair :
 With Pride the Beauties of the Court we name,
 But others seldom are oblig'd to Fame,
 Who sing their Wonders, who their Cheeks compares
 To blushing Roses, and their Eyes to Stars.
 The Bards will not so much the Muses wrong
 With vulgar Subjects, to defile their Song ; 30
 Strange ! that a Monarch shou'd so far mistake,
 As such a Choice, in such a place to make.
 A Thousand fairer in the Town you see,
 And more deserving of your Smiles than me ;
 Where'er you move, such shining Forms appear,
 Who left the Provinces to flourish here,
 That all wou'd think, to whom the sight is shewn,
 The Realm impoverish'd to enrich the Town :
 So lovely all, the meanest Nymph wou'd charm
 The coldest Writer, and his Fancy warm ;
 His Genius in the Subject he might raise,
 And make himself immortal in her Praise.
 Eternal Sweets, he from those Flowers may choose,
 No more with rural Weeds debase his Muse ;
 In every common Hedge the Bramble grows,
 While only in the Garden springs the Rose.
 Oft pointed Satyr has attack'd our Sex,
 In odious Colours painted our defects ;
 With Justice she our weakness has disclos'd,
 Chastis'd our Folly, and our Pride expos'd.
 In vain the Matron conscious of her Years,
 Wou'd hide her Wrinkles, and her Silver Hairs ;
 What time has ruin'd, she in vain wou'd save,
 She paints, perfumes, and dresses for the Grave.
 She haunts indecently the Park and Plays,
 For while she aims to flourish, she decays.
 Our Youth, affected in their dress and Mien,
 Too fond of foreign Airs and Toys have been :
 Nature in all their Actions they despise,
 And think the most ridiculous most nice. 60
 Tho' gay and fine we oft the Sex behold,
 'Tis borrow'd Beauty, and dissembled Gold.

Yet

Yet in this Town enough of real Charms
 May *Edward* find to bless a Prince's Arms.
 In blaming others I my self condemn,
 Mean and unworthy of a King's esteem ;
 My Virgin Treasures with my Name are gone,
 Another's Right, and by another known.
 What most cou'd warm your Wishes is destroy'd,
 By him who first enjoy'd it, still enjoy'd, 70
 He reapt the bounteous Harvest of my Youth,
 As happy in my Person as my Truth.
 He thinks me faithful, can I wrong his trust,
 Or be to him, and to my self unjust ?
 You cou'd not think but in your Suit to fail,
 Nor hope, when first you tempted, to prevail.
 A Crown wou'd dazle me, perhaps, you guess'd,
 And the King soon be of his Wish possest
 The Rebel, Honour, you wou'd force to yield,
 Seize the rich Prize, and ravage all the Field.
 Against your Tears our Virtue is too weak,
 We seldom mean the angry things we speak.
 Too well you know we are imperfect made,
 And where we're most defenceless, you invade.
 The lucky Minute you too often find,
 Exert your native Power, and we are kind ;
 You vow, you swear, and we'll as well believe,
 You weep, you sigh, you conquer and deceive :
 Our Humour you observe, our Will obey,
 And we comply as fast as you betray.
 The Fair, the Brown, the Slender and the Tall,
 The Bulky and the Short, you praise us all ;
 Whatever Mien we use, what dress we wear,
 You tell us some peculiar Grace is there.
 Where'er we walk, like Goddesses we move,
 And every thing we do confirms your Love ;
 Always to please us you with Care devise,
 Our Ears with Musick, and with Show our Eyes.
 But when your fatal Ends you have enjoy'd,
 We grow a Burthen, and you soon are cloy'd ;
 On us ungratefully you throw the shame,
 Boast of our Favours, and our Frailty blame.
Ovid first taught your Sex to touch the Heart,
 Tho' Man in this has little need of Art ;
 'Tis rare to see a Heroe us'd to reign,
 Descend to write in a Poetick Strain.
 Will King's in Fables too their Love rehearse,
 And court in Similies, and woo in Verse :
 'Tis pleasant sure to hear a Prince compare
 My Breath to Roses, and to Gold my Hair,

My

My Eyes to Stars, to snowy Hills my Skin,
 Enough the Prize, without a Crown, to win.
 The Men who flatter us like you, we raise,
 And Love too oft the Poet, for his Praise,
 Our Husbands bound our Pleasure by their Will,
 And fancies they've a right to use us ill;
 So far enslav'd when we are once subdu'd,
 They think they're Civil, when they are not Rude.
 Too well you know this Treatment is not strange,
 And we're too easily dispos'd to change. 120
 The Spouses Stomach with Fruition full,
 The Wife grows Tasteless, and the Husband Dull.
 No Adoration to our Charms they pay,
 But preach, that they must rule, and Wives obey.
 Is this so pleasing to a Womans Ears,
 As when a Lover's Sighs and Vows she hears?
 When at her Feet the fearful Suppliant lies,
 And, e'er he knows his Doom, with Terror dies:
 Whom every Touch and every Kiss transport
 Not sweeter to enjoy, than hear him court. 130
 Our Husbands, weary of repeated Bliss,
 Think they oblige us, if they deign to kiss.
 In their Caresses they their Pride constrain;
 And give unwilling, what their Wives disdain.
 To walk the Park, or see the Play deny'd,
 They dare but seldom in our Truth confide:
 The Priest has said it, and the Mob conclude,
 The Stage is dang'rous and the Poems lewd.
 More for our Bodies than our Souls they fear,
 Were they less jealous, they'd be less severe. 140
 They Comic Muse, as filthy, they reprove,
 The Tragick, as it teaches us to love.
 This the Pretence, tho' what offends the Cit,
 It his own Picture, and the Author's Wit:
 Himself the Cuckold, and his Wife the Jilt,
 He learns his Folly in his Consorts guilt.
 Not all his Care his Fortune can prevent,
 He sees 'tis Fate, and he is last content.
 In vain he hopes in Bolts to be secure,
 What Wife so stupid but defies a Door:
 Who so insipid as can Act the Spouse,
 Or like the nauseous Business of a House.
 An Ape her Pastime, and her Dog her Toy,
 A Sot her Lover, and her Play a Boy.
 To this Disease a Remedy you bring.
 A Sovereign Balm, the Promise of a King.
 We faintly struggle when a Monarch woos,
 We might the Man, but can't the Prince, refuse.

You

You are the Cause that I my Husband scorn,
 I wish your Presence, and your Absence mourn;
 His loath'd Embraces I so late avoid,
 To be no more by one I hate, enjoy'd.
 For him I love the Lord of my Desires,
 I keep for *Edward* my remaining Fires:
 Tho' nearer with my Joy my Ruin draws,
 'Tis a glorious Ruin when a King's the Cause.

FINIS.

